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PLUM BUTTER AND OTHER GOOD THINGS.

Plum Butter: Wash the plums, place them with a little water in a preserving kettle and cook until soft. Rub through a colander or a coarse wire sieve in order to remove skins and pits. Large freestone plums can be dipped into boiling water for a few seconds until their skins crack, then dipped into cold water, so that the skins can be readily slipped off. The flesh is then split open, and the pits are removed. If the plums are very juicy, the pulp put through the colander will be quite thin and should be boiled down to thicken somewhat before the sugar is added. For each cupful of pulp, whether put through the colander or not, use from one-half to three-fourths of a cupful of sugar and cook slowly with frequent stirring until the butter is as thick as desired. If a tart butter is desired, less sugar should be used. Cinnamon, allspice and cloves should be added to suit the taste when the cooking is finished.

Dutch Apple Cake is made with two cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one egg, one tablespoonful of shortening. Use a mixture of one-quarter cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of cinnamon for top of cake. Sift flour, baking-powder, salt and sugar together. Add milk to well-beaten egg and stir in slowly. Add melted shortening. Mix well. Pour mixture into a shallow pan and on the top place slices of pared apples. Sprinkle with the sugar and cinnamon mixture and bake in a moderate oven.

Moonshine, a delectable dessert, is made with one pint of milk, yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar, brought to boiling point in a double boiler. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, and while beating add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Pare and slice ripe peaches, place in a bowl and add the two mixtures, stirring lightly, until they are mixed.

Peach Cobbler: Fill a baking dish with whole pared peaches; add two cupfuls of water, cover and cook until tender; drain off the juice and allow to cool. Beat until light, four eggs and a cupful of sugar. Add a tablespoonful of melted butter, a half teaspoonful of salt, the juice from the peaches and a pint of new milk. Sift together twice a level cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir the flour and the other ingredients together, pour over the peaches and bake about thirty minutes until a golden brown. Serve with cream.

Sweet Apple Conserve requires four quarts of sweet apples, pared and finely chopped (measure after chopping), two cupfuls of raisins, two cupfuls of sugar, juice and pulp of two oranges and one lemon, grated rind of one

orange and the lemon. Cook until very thick, then add one-half cupful of chopped nut meats and pour at once into jelly glasses and seal.

Delicious Corn Pudding is made with three full ears of corn, one cupful of milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter and one-half cupful of cooked rice. Cut and scrape corn from ears, add the rice, beat the eggs, then add milk. Put all together, add salt to taste. Place in a buttered baking dish, dot the top with the butter and bake until a light brown. After you have cut the corn from the cobs, put them in the kettle with a meat stew and enjoy the pleasant flavor they impart. When the dish is done take out the cobs and scrape the stew that clings to them back into the kettle.

WASHING PRINTED VOILE.
I wonder if every woman who makes her own dresses is as fascinated as I am by the lovely printed voiles and crepes that we find in the stores. Even when I used to yield to the temptation to buy them I felt that I was being most extravagant, for I could never seem to launder them successfully. No matter how careful I was, the colors would run, and fade and make the dress useless for anything but year round home.

One time, though, when I had a blue-and-white voile of which I was particularly fond, I tried an experiment which worked beautifully. I made a soapy solution of lukewarm water and pure soap and put it into the washing machine. Then I put my dress into it and turned on the current and let the machine run for about five minutes. I let the soapy water out and put clear cold water in and started the machine again for two or three minutes longer. Then without squeezing or wringing it a bit I lifted the dress out of the water and hung it on the line, and when it was dry it looked like new.

The absence of squeezing or rubbing kept the color from spreading. And now I indulge in these lovely materials with a clear conscience.—M.J.

TO PREVENT SUNBURN.
Mrs. Farmer, the next time you are going to be at work in the garden or berry patch for some time, before you go, instead of putting on a smothering sunbonnet try smearing the face and neck thickly with unbeaten white of egg. Then put on a broad-brimmed hat. When you come in wash with tepid water, then dash cold water on. You will find that instead of having a sore and sunburned face it will feel delightfully fresh and comfortable.

I used white of egg for years to relieve sunburn and one day the thought occurred, Why not use it as a preventive instead of as a remedy? I found it the proverbial ounce of prevention.

A COMFORTABLE APRON.
Many of us are partial to the handy little apron that can be slipped on and off in a moment, and which is easily laundered. I find this apron even more desirable when a strap is put across the back to prevent it slipping off the shoulders. Instead of putting on the usual patch pockets, I slit the apron the desired width and bind with a bias band. Then I sew the patch on the inside of the apron and then put a flap on the right side a little wider than the slit. This prevents the pockets from catching and tearing and also prevents dirt getting into them.

Circles Around Moon.
Circles around the moon are caused by moisture in the atmosphere. It frequently happens that the sunlight reflected from the moon to the earth is so refracted by the atmospheric moisture that a ring or circle is formed. The more moisture there is in the atmosphere the smaller the circles will appear. The form and size of the ring will depend entirely upon the particular condition and quantity of moisture in the air.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XXXII.

It was day by day, sometimes post by post, that Alice put off writing to her mother. In the morning she would tell herself that she'd write before evening, and at night, she made the same promise as regarded the next morning. Twice she began a letter, but it was impossible to finish it.

Ardeyne knew nothing of the unhappy conflict she suffered. He did not guess that she was fighting this particular battle; that all the forces of her better nature were ranged against such a cruel foe as distrust amounting almost to hatred of her own mother.

Why hadn't munsey told her? Why had munsey not merely permitted, but actually encouraged and hurried on her marriage to Philip? If only she had told Philip. But most deadly of all the weapons levelled at Alice's natural feelings was the fact that Jean had flatly lied when questioned about Hugo and Alice's suspicion that he might be something nearer in relationship than an uncle. It had not been a simple evasion of the truth, but a downright lie—as Alice saw it.

The days slipped by, and finally Alice sent her telegram. Even that had been difficult. But she must write soon. Only what was she to say? The sort of letter she felt impelled to write would be a terrible thing.

Meanwhile Ardeyne kept her busy with every distraction he could devise. They took trips on the lake and went for mountain climbs. Companionship was to be the keynote of their life together—and, after all, what better basis for marriage than that? He told himself that it sufficed, that in time he would be perfectly satisfied and just as happy as any other man. Everything was in getting used to an idea.

An immense pity for Alice, backed up by his anxiety for what effect the shock of Christopher Smarke's news might have on her, helped him in his resolution. He was not only Alice's companion and friend, he was her physician as well. Without letting her know, he watched her with lover-like and professional solicitude. As far as he could tell, her mind was unusually well-balanced, even for a girl of normal heritage. Never had he come across a young woman with as much common sense and less tendency towards hysteria than Alice.

This curious honeymoon of theirs moved on his close. It had been Ardeyne's intention to return to London and arrange for a prolonged, perhaps indefinite, holiday, but now he began to realize that his own salvation lay in his work. He needed it to steady himself, to keep him from dwelling too much upon Alice and magnifying morbidities of mind and conscience. In the circumstances their companionship was too solitary for comfort. He wanted, if possible, not to love her less but a little more impersonally. She was beginning to mean too much to him.

They were a strikingly handsome couple, and naturally people looked at them. Ardeyne surprised himself by suffering little twinges of jealousy. It disturbed him when men stared at her, and once he very nearly came to words with a German whose round-eyed gaze had dwelt too long and too obviously upon the little bride.

At present Alice seemed quite unconscious of her own beauty, and as far as he knew—she was entirely satisfied with life as they had mapped it out together. But the day might come when she would wake up to the fact that other women lived fuller, deeper lives than hers could ever be. What then? Platonic love can so easily fail; is so rarely successful. She might tire of it; and, incidentally, of him. And the world was full of men whom nature had rendered unscrupulous as regards love-making.

They had walked up the Rigi the day before—a long pull and a shove and it had been a climb of charm and adventure. The pink and white blossom of the cherry trees had kept them company almost to the very top; the air was warm and fragrant, the sky cloudless. They had lunched frugally by the wayside from the contents of Philip's haversack, scaled the height and returned more swiftly than they had come by the mountain railway. It had been a day to lock up and treasure in one's memory box, the days of days, after which everything else could not help but fall a little flat.

much to me. It is you who are giving me everything. Oh, can't you understand?"

His emotion communicated itself to her and they clung together, rocked in the stupendous power of their mutual love.

"Aren't you happy?" Ardeyne pleaded. "Could you be happy if we were separated?"

She whispered "No"—an answer to both his questions.

"Promise you won't leave me? I want your solemn promise all over again—and this time it must be binding. Promise."

With his face close pressed to hers and his arms around her, she could do nothing else than he asked her.

"Yes—I promise," she said huskily. "It's hard for me to understand. I love you so much—I'd rather die than be this awful burden on you."

"But you're not a burden."

"I don't see how it can be otherwise. Still—I want to be with you, Philip. It's wonderful how you care for me. Your love is the most precious and wonderful thing in the world. Philip, shall I tell you something? I'm going to be horribly jealous. I can feel it coming on. Those two pretty American girls who got into conversation with us yesterday on the Rigi—I was jealous of them. And I was perfectly miserable about Mrs. Egan, even before we married; even before I knew—what I do, now."

Ardeyne laughed, and the tension was suddenly relieved.

"I'm so glad," he said. "I have the same confession to make. There was the bulging-eyed German in the hotel the other night, who—well, I hope you didn't notice the brute. For two pins I'd've punched his square head."

And Alice laughed, too. "I did notice him, and he wasn't a brute, Philip—a most inoffensive creature. I think he stared because he admired us."

"Well, I'm glad to think he admired us. However, let's return to where we began, now that the air's a bit cleared. What about starting for home to-morrow? I feel I ought to be getting back. Townsend—his full partner—has his hands pretty full without me, and I've promised to lecture at two of the summer clinics. Also, there's a rather celebrated American alienist in London, just now, and I'd like to catch him before he moves on."

"Of course, Philip. I'm ready to leave just as soon as you like," Alice replied.

"Very well, then, I'll run around to Cook's and see about time-tables and tickets. Would you care to come?"

Alice hesitated, then she shook her head. "I must write a letter to munsey," she said.

After Ardeyne had gone out she set herself resolutely to the task. She had thought very hard before beginning—to think of so many things in the way of contingencies. For instance, suppose that before the letter reaches its destination either munsey or she herself should have met with a fatal accident? Nothing can strike quite so hard as a dead hand, and there can be no greater remorse than that following upon a blow levelled at one who is beyond the power of return.

Yet Alice's feelings towards her mother had suffered a violent change. There was no denying that grim fact. It was useless for her to attempt hypocrisy.

So once again she began the long-delayed letter, and this time managed to finish it, although it could never have been written with any sense of satisfaction. Even the beginning was different from what it would normally have been.

Dear Mother—You must have wondered and worried a great deal at not hearing from me, but I found it so difficult to write. Mr. Christopher Smarke came to Lucerne at once after hearing from you, and told me about my father. I wish you had told me yourself. It would have made a difference. However, there is no use in worrying about that now.

It is very beautiful here, and I am very happy. Yesterday we climbed the Rigi, and I was not a bit tired. I hope Bordighera isn't getting too hot for you. To-morrow we leave for London.

Philip is kindness itself, and if he were here at the moment I know he would ask me to send you all affectionate messages.

My love to father, Mr. Gaunt, and yourself.

A meagre, little letter at its best; but it might so easily have been worse. It would be a long time before Alice could get over the shock of discovering that her mother had—as she saw it—done her an immense wrong.

Yet for all of that she felt guilty as she dropped the stamped and addressed envelope into the mail chute. Munsey would be hurt and distressed. It was appalling how people contrived to hurt each other, but with the best will in the world it was not always to be avoided.

(To be continued.)

POSSESSION.
Month after month, with slow monotony,
I did the stupid tasks of every day,
With scorn and pity that the world should be
Full of unending duties, dull and gray.
While all my heart was wild for wondering,
I dusted, scoured and swept with listless hands;
Was this, I thought, the best that life could bring
To youth's commands?

But now I sing all day, as to and fro
From tiny parlor to the kitchen bright,
With sparkling suds and crisp new broom-I go
A shining path behind me. What delight
To pour the scarlet jelly into molds!
I love to make the slender glasses shine
Because this little house with all it holds
Is yours and mine!

—Katherine Park Lewis.

Quite Unsifted for Discipline.
An Irish attorney who was very lame was moved during the time of trouble in Ireland to take part in military preparations. Learning that among the various volunteer corps being raised was one of lawyers, he decided to join it.

"My dear friend," he remarked to John Philpot Curran, the Irish wit, "these are not times for a man to be idle; I am determined to join the lawyers corps and follow the camp."

"You follow the camp, my little limb of the law?" said Curran. "Tut! Tut! Renounce the idea; you never can be a disciplinarian."

"And why not, Mr. Curran?"

"For this reason," was the reply: "the moment you were ordered to march you would halt!"

GARNISH THE SALADS.
A garnish makes the appearance of the salad much more attractive. Too much garnish spoils the effect.

With vegetables, meat or fish use: beets, finely chopped; cabbage, shredded; or heart leaves used in place of lettuce; carrots, chopped fine for border; eggs, slices, grated yolk, chopped, etc.; parsley; radishes.

With all salads use carrot tops; celery; celery tops; must be crisp in place of lettuce; cucumbers; lemons; lettuce; olives; pimento; nuts.

Potato, vegetable and meat salads are generally improved in flavor if mixed with dressing and allowed to stand some time before serving. They should be kept as cold as possible, to avoid becoming soaked or soggy.

Shackleton's boat, 22 feet long, in which he made the famous voyage of 750 miles with five men to South Georgia in quest of aid for his expedition, has been presented to the explorer's old school, Dulwich College.

Popular Jokes of Grandma's Day.
A bride of a year was bemoaning the fact to her aunt, in the early nineties, that her husband was beginning to spend many of his evenings attending lodge meetings.

"Yes," said her aunt, "I know just how you feel. Your uncle was the same way until I broke him of the lodge habit. You see, it was like this. One morning your Uncle John, who had been to the lodge, tried to sneal in very quietly at 2 a.m., and hearing him I called in a very sleepy voice, 'Is that you, Charlie?' And the very next day he resigned."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.
The South American oven bird builds its nest of mud which is closed, save for a narrow tunnel which leads into the grass-built chamber. Surely the nest of a bird is a most wonderful piece of workmanship.



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When You Change a Tire?
Then avoid tire trouble by equipping with—
AERO-CUSHION INNER TIRES
No more punctures. No blow-outs. No need at all of a spare tire—and double the mileage for your castings. Easy riding.
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(In your cellar will ensure this. The Kelsey is the most efficient and economical system of home heating ever devised and will heat the smallest cottage or the largest mansion properly and healthfully.)
MAY WE SEND YOU PARTICULARS?

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Good Fishing.
She—"And you say the fishing is excellent here?"
Resort Proprietor—"More young lads have hooked husbands at this hotel than at any other on the coast."

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THE PERFECT GUM
MINT LEAF FLAVOR

1896 No. 36—24.

"Don't get tired—drink Bouvill"

"Would you mind if we started for home to-morrow?" he asked.

"Home?" Alice was a little bewildered for a moment. She had never had a home. The very name of it was totally unfamiliar to her. Then she flushed slightly. "You mean London—your home?"

"And yours," Philip reminded her. She lowered her gaze, and he noted—as he had many times before—how wonderfully her eyelids were fringed.

"I don't know. I feel so helpless!" she exclaimed suddenly.

He looked at her. "This can't go on, Philip. Don't you realize that it can't. I can't live on your charity."

He found himself trembling in every limb, and a mad desire to rave took possession of him.

"Alice—Alice—if you leave me now I swear I won't be able to face life without you!" He dropped to his knees beside her and laid his head in her lap. The fear and misery of losing her had taken him unawares. He very nearly sobbed. "Life wouldn't be worth anything without you. How can you speak of charity when you mean so